

## PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS

## How Anthony Hope Writes.

Anthony Hope who is very much in the public eye again through the success of his clever novel, "The Intrusions of Peggy," has evidently no desire to make a secret of his literary methods. Here is his record of a day's work: Let us suppose, he says, that I am bidden to write a short story. I arrive at my working den at 9:45 and read my letters. The rest of the day is much as follows:

10:16. Put on writing-coat; find a hole in the elbow.

10:23. Light pipe and sit down in large arm-chair by the fire.

10:35. Who the deuce can write a story on a beastly day like this? (It was quite nice weather, really—that's the artistic temperament.)

10:45. I must think about that confounded story. Besides, I don't believe she meant anything after all.

11:15. I wish the—these—people hadn't asked me to write for their paper!

11:45. Hullo! Will that do?

12. Hang it, that's no use!

12:20. I suppose if I happened to have a head instead of a turnip I could write that story.

12:40. Yes! No! By Jove, yes! Where's that pen? Oh, where then? All right, here it is! Now then. (Scribble.)

1. Lunch! Good, I believe it's going.

1:30. Now I'll knock it off. (Scribble.)

2:15. Well, I don't quite see my way to—oh, yes, I do! Good! That's not so bad.

3. One, two, three—three hundred words, a page. Well, I've put that in good time, anyhow! Where's that pipe?

3:15. I think I'll fetch 'em. Pitched in passion, by Jove!

3:40. Oh, I say, look here! I've only got about 1,200 words, and I want 2,000. What the deuce shall I do?

3:50. I must pad it, you know. She mustn't take him yet, that's all.

4. She can't take more than a page accepting the fool, though; it's absurd, you know.

4:15. Oh, confound it!

4:45. Now let's see—two, four, six, seven. Good, I'm in the straight now!

5. Thank heaven, that's done! Now I suppose I must read the thing over. I know it's awful rot. Well, that's their lookout; they'll be bought it.

5:03. It's not so bad, though, after all.

5:11. I rather like that. I don't know, but it seems rather original.

5:15. H'm! I've read worse stories than this.

5:20. No, I'm hanged if I touch a word of it! It's not half bad.

5:25. Pretty smart ending!

5:30. Well, if there are a dozen men in England who can write a better story than that I should like to see 'em, that's all!

5:35. Puff, puff, puff, puff! Well, I shan't touch a pen again today.

There it is—"How a Story is Written, By One Who Has Done It." . . . That remark about the "dozen men in England" represents a monetary phase of feeling, not a reasoned opinion.—Harpers's Weekly.

## An Author Indifferent to Fame.

H. S. Merriman, author of "The Vultures," is said to be totally indifferent to fame. He lives quietly, says little, and writes much. He has never cared for sport, even in his earlier years, and on account of threatened ill-health has taken many sea voyages and journeys, in the course of which he secretly wrote romances. When his father placed him in business in London his continued delicacy of constitution sent him frequently abroad, where he wrote stories and concealed all knowledge of them from his family and the world, publishing them anonymously. After the death of his father, who was a director of the "London Graphic," he avowed his authorship, and devoted himself entirely to novel writing. His books are among the most popular stories of the day. The Harpers, who publish "The Vultures," are making a new edition.

## Marchmont and the Kodak.

Arthur W. Marchmont, author of "Sarita the Carlist," tells a story against himself of the "snap-shot fiend." When he was in the Yosemite Valley this summer, two lady traveling companions asked him to pose for the camera, an invitation he politely but firmly refused.

On the following day the party were on the top of Glacier Point, and Mrs. Marchmont referred to her husband's ability to stand on the brink of great heights. "He could not stand on the Glacier Point," said one of the ladies and Mr. Marchmont stepped close to the edge. "You dare not move and lift your hat," she added.

"See!" exclaimed the author, turning and striking an attitude.

There was an ominous click. "Thanks. It will make an excellent picture—much better than yesterday. You shall have a copy."

## Ruth Hall.

"The Downreiter's Son," a tale of a strange movement in New York sixty years ago, is the fifth novel to come from the pen of Miss Ruth Hall, and her readers may be interested to learn more about her.

She is now living in Catskill, N. Y., whither her parents removed from Schenectady when she was very small. Her father was the late Joseph B. Hall, a politician and editor; her mother belonged to the oldest colonial families.

Miss Hall was educated at Catskill, partly at a private school, but more by the good books with which she has always been surrounded. During two years of her girlhood she traveled quite extensively in the West and South, and her home letters attracted so much attention that they led to further writing.

Her father published a newspaper, to the editorship of which his sons succeeded. Miss Hall did a great deal of writing for his paper in all its various departments. Her literary work has been very varied; indeed, she will be believed when she says that she thinks there are not a great many writers who, in the same time, have sold so many

sorts of work. She originated and filled for a time the "Between Us Women" column of the "New York Mail and Express," and has contributed stories, verses, and puzzles to juvenile magazines, and serious and humorous verse and prose to nearly a hundred magazines and papers.

## A Compliment to Dr. Mitchell.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in "The Pilgrim" for December, tells this story of an experience which he had in Europe: "While in Austria," he says, "I was taken suddenly ill, and fearing my sickness to be a case of 'aggravated nerves,' I had summoned quite the most famous nerve specialist in Vienna. After making the necessary examination, he said to me, 'I see that you are an American.' I confessed that I was, fearing at the same time he might regret having answered the call that had been made on him. 'It is quite extraordinary that an American should consult a Viennese physician when troubled with nerves. From what part of the country do you come?' he inquired. I informed him that my home was in Philadelphia. At that his eyebrows lifted strangely, and he fairly gasped. 'Philadelphia?' he exclaimed. 'Come to Vienna to be cured of a nerve trouble when you live in Philadelphia!' He made no effort to conceal his amazement, the cause of which I could not imagine. 'Why not?' I asked. 'Because,' he replied, 'you have in Philadelphia the greatest and most famous nerve specialist in the world.' 'And who is he, pray?' I asked. Much to my surprise—and you can imagine the blush that mounted to my cheek—he replied: 'His name is Dr. S. Weir Mitchell—he is the most famous.' I concluded then that he had not been informed of his American patient's name, and I consider the compliment he so unwittingly paid me, quite the most delightful experience of that European trip."

## The Creator of "Mr. Dooley."

A somewhat extended biography of Finley Peter Dunne, which appears in the "Pittsburg Dispatch," is likely to interest readers of the philosophy of Mr. Dooley. It is suggested by the announcement of his intended marriage, and, incidentally, the fact that his house will be in that part of New York which presupposes that the residents have incomes of at least \$25,000 a year. It goes without saying that Mr. Dunne's income was not always of that size. He is, as most people know, one of a group of brilliant young Chicago journalists who served their apprenticeship in the same school, a school of hard work, hard thinking, somewhat precarious living, and determined ambition.

This biographer states that ten or twelve years ago Mr. Dunne became acquainted with Mrs. Abbott, of Chicago, who was also a journalist, and had a cozy home in which literary folk were wont to gather. She saw social and literary possibilities in Mr. Dunne, and made him welcome. It was at about this time that the first of the Dooley sketches were written, and their author thought so little of them that when the question of publishing them in book form was opened, he had not even preserved them, and until a friend came to the rescue with a scrap-book it was a problem how to get them together for publication. It is said that the two books containing Mr. Dooley's philosophy have thus far added some \$100,000 to Mr. Dunne's bank account. Meanwhile, Miss Margaret Abbott, who was a school girl at the time of Mr. Dunne's first acquaintance with the family, had grown into a tall and stately maiden, with much of her mother's wit and charm of manner, and the end of this volume of Mr. Dunne's biography is a wedding.

## Particular Mr. Ayres.

Alfred Ayres, who died last month in New York at the age of seventy-five, has been the subject of a number of well vouched for stories. The doctor—the real name of the old purist of purists was Dr. Thomas Embley O'Sullivan—let the hobby of correct speech and pronunciation so grow upon him that he fell into the habit of picking friends up for faults in the course of conversation, and even gave evidence of the ruling passion on his deathbed. In Bellevue Hospital, one of his pupils, a young woman from Cleveland, Ohio, who came on to help in nursing him, undertook to divert his mind by referring to the proper way of reciting Hamlet's advice to the players, and giving the passage in an intentional monotone. Immediately the dying ecstasist roused himself, and, protesting that the rendition was execrable, then and there gave it with all his old expression and vigor. An instance of how the serious pursuit of perfection may involve a momentary loss of the safeguard of humor was furnished when Dr. Osmun walked into the offices of his publishers one day and asked for a member of the firm. The clerk, strangely venturesome in such a presence, replied that the man wanted had "few de coop."

## Harben's Methods of Work.

Will N. Harben was occupied four months in the practical writing of "Abner Daniel," which has proved the most successful book of his career. He had previously filled up a note-book of several hundred pages with the actual sayings and doings of the Georgia folk about whom he intended to write; but not one of these notes was eventually used in the novel. Which goes to show that the making of notes for books of fiction may be of more educational than practical use to the author. Mr. Harben writes only at his best moments, if only an hour or two in the morning. He writes down an outline of his projected novel on a typewriter, then rewrites the whole, and perhaps uses a very small proportion of the material originally set down. He gets hold of his characters and situations by actually writing about them—in a word, prepares for the writing of the real novel by writing an experimental novel. In this way, despite the work involved, he reaches his best results.

## A Bouguereau Story.

Justus Miles Forman, the author of "The Garden of Lies," is painter as well as novelist, and studied for two years under Bouguereau at the Julien atelier in Paris.

"I shall never forget," he said once, "my first criticism from the great Bouguereau, or the horrible fright I went through before it. The semi-weekly visits of the 'maitre' to one of the big Parisian studios such as Julien's is an extremely solemn affair. The room will be, as usual, a veritable stock exchange of howls and so-called song when the attendant comes in with uplifted hands and a blood-curdling 'Ssh!' Then there will be a sudden and holy calm which may last five or ten minutes—five or ten years to the shivering nouveau—used the master will come briskly in—Constant or Jean Paul Laurens, or whoever it may be—bowing with great ceremony and making at once for the nearest easel.

"Now it chanced that my familiar devil had prompted me to set the easel for my first drawing near the door, and when the gray, stout little gentleman with the black cigar-end came in he made directly for me—that black cigar-end! I don't believe he ever had but one, and I know he slept with it. It was always going out and having to be relighted, and it never seemed either longer or shorter. He gesticulated beautifully with it. I knew my drawing was awful, and I think I had a touch of heart failure; but it did not last, for the greatest draughtsman in Europe put a hand on my shoulder—quite as if I had been an old and favorite student—and waved the cigar-end at my study.

"'A-ah, mon vieux!' said he, in that husky voice that so many hundreds of students know so well, and love so well, too, 'A-ah, mon vieux!' 'mon vieux' to me!—'ca c'est pas mal, pas mal!'

"Now I knew the thing was very 'mal' indeed, quite hopelessly so; but the greatest draughtsman in Europe said it wasn't. However, he went on to take it to pieces in his gentle, kindly way, and by the time he had finished it had little to recommend it. Still, for some reason, I was in a beautiful pink glow of pride, and went home stepping very high. That is Bouguereau."

## A Libby Prison Experience.

Henry Hayne, author of "Paris, Past and Present," devotes himself to sport as well as to literature, and is fond of golf, fishing, boating, etc. He is also a great traveler, having seen a good part of America, Europe, and Africa, and he has crossed the Atlantic Ocean no less than twenty-four times.

Curious to say, Mr. Hayne saw his first tidal water from a back window of Libby Prison about forty years ago. A volunteer in an Illinois regiment of infantry, Mr. Hayne was wounded and captured at the battle of Stones River, and was one of many hundred of Union soldiers who suffered in that notorious warehouse at Richmond. The night of his arrival at Libby, it was clear moonlight, and he saw the river James, wide and beautiful, swiftly rolling past the dreary walls of his loathsome prison. But when he looked out next morning, lo! the mighty stream had dwindled to a narrow creek almost, and he was astonished. However, after thinking it over some time, it occurred to him that there might be such a thing as sea tide in the James River, and inquiry confirmed this belief. The rise and fall of that same tide became an only too familiar sight during the following weeks.

## Tennyson and His Time.

Tennyson lived in the hour when, to all mortal appearance, the whole of the physical world deserted to the devil. The universe, governed by violence and death, left man to fight alone, with a handful of myths and memories. Men had now to wander in polluted fields and lift up their eyes to abominable hills. They had to arm themselves against the cruelty of flowers and the crimes of the grass. The first horror, surely, is to those who did not faint in the face of that confounding cosmic betrayal; to those who sought and found a new vantage ground for the army of Virtue. Of these was Tennyson, and it is surely the more to his honor, since he was the idle lover of beauty who has been portrayed. He felt that the time called him to be an interpreter. Perhaps he might even have been something more of a poet if he had not sought to be something more than a poet. He might have written a more perfect Arthurian epic if his heart had been as much buried in prehistoric sepulchers as the heart of W. B. Yeats. He might have made more of such poems as "The Golden Year" if his mind had been as clean of metaphysics and of self as the mind of the poet of the future. He might have been a greater poet if he had been less a man of his dubious and rambling age. But there are some things that are greater than greatness; there are some things that no man with blood in his body would sell for the throne of Dante, and one of them is to fire the feeblest shot in a war that really awaits decision, or carry the meanest musket in an army that is really marching. Tennyson may even have forfeited immortality; but he and the men of his age were more than immortal; they were alive.—From "Tennyson," by G. K. Chesterton, in the December Bookman.

## A True Dog Story.

Robert W. Chambers, author of "Cardigan" and "The Maid-at-Arms," is, as is well known, a thorough sportsman as well as novelist. He returned home the other day from a hunting trip, and, being in the mood to write, he sat at his desk without ridding himself of his hunting outfit, and began pulling the burrs from the tail of his Blue Belton setter. As he removed the burrs and incidentally considerable hair from the setter's tail, he dropped the bunches into the waste-paper basket. The last time he missed the basket and dropped the burrs on the floor. To his amusement and astonishment the setter picked up the burrs in his mouth and himself dropped them into the basket. In telling the story Mr. Chambers said he did not expect to be believed, but that nevertheless this is a true incident, and no more remarkable than others he has observed in his long association with hunting dogs.

## Buy Your Christmas Books Now

WHAT more acceptable for a Christmas gift, what more sure to delight than a beautiful set of books? We have them to fit your taste, purse or hobby. One may have freest choice, from our limited Editions de Luxe to our Juveniles; from our beautiful Cabinet Editions of standard authors to our latest story of adventure for boys. Bindings in unique cloth, half calf or different colored morocco, put together with the best materials and the greatest mechanical skill known to the publisher's trade.

## Two New Cabinet Editions

## Scott's Poems—In Six Volumes.

Uniform with our Cabinet Edition of Scott's Waverley Novels, with introductions, glossaries and notes for each volume by Andrew Lang, illustrated with more than thirty photographs, besides numerous beautiful etchings by W. H. W. Bicknell. Six volumes, sold in complete sets or as separate works.

This is the most sumptuous trade edition of Scott's Poems ever offered to the public, and we anticipate for it a success commensurate with the large sale of the Cabinet Waverley. No library shelves are thoroughly furnished which lack the poems of the great Scotch Wizard, who first made his wide reputation, it will be remembered, by his verse rather than his prose.

According to Lockhart, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is generally considered as the most natural and original, "Marmion" as the most powerful and splendid, and the "Lady of the Lake" as the most interesting, romantic, picturesque, and graceful of his great poems." Twenty thousand copies of the "Lady of the Lake" were sold within a year after its publication. The reader who owns only the prose romances can by no means lay claim to possessing the works of Sir Walter Scott.

Complete sets, 6 volumes, cloth, gilt, \$9.00; half calf or morocco, \$15.00.

## The Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson.

The finest edition of this great Victorian master ever placed on the American market. Issued in twelve volumes, annotated and edited by Prof. William J. Rolfe with all the scrupulous care which has made his name a synonym for accuracy. It contains variorum and other critical memoranda invaluable to the reader. Collated with the approval and co-operation of Lord Tennyson and his family. Handsomely illustrated with etchings and photographs from paintings by Edward Lear, one of the poet's life-long friends, and also from landscapes and figure paintings by Dore, Edwin A. Abbey, Frederick Dielman, and others.

Sold only in sets. Cloth, gilt tops, \$18.00 for 12 volumes; half calf or morocco (any color) \$36.00.

## Other Cabinet Editions.

## Alexander Dumas.

The most complete and only finely illustrated edition ever issued of the romances of the great French writer, embellished with 170 superb etchings and photographs and supplemented by landscapes and portraits from authentic paintings of the sovereigns, their favorites, ministers, and generals. Bound in silk-ribbed cloth in 34 volumes, \$51.00; half calf or morocco, \$102.00.

## Shakespeare.

With Hudson's notes and critical introductions, illustrated with 36 etchings, on imperial Japanese paper, bound in English cloth, 12 volumes, small 12 mo., \$18.00; half calf or morocco, \$36.00. Sold in separate volumes if desired.

## William H. Prescott.

This edition contains all of Mr. Prescott's revisions and is entirely complete; over 100 full-page illustrations of steel engravings, photographs and half-tones. Flat backs, gilt tops, uncut edges; 16 volumes; cloth, \$24.00; half calf or morocco, \$48.00. Sold in separate volumes.

## Five New Juveniles.

"Lucky Ned," by Edward S. Ellis, relating the exploits of a thoroughly boy-like boy, a plot of unusual interest. Boys who love outdoor sports will be devoted to this story.

Net, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.12.

## Play Away

By WILLIAM BOYD ALLEN, a story of the Boston fire department; no preaching, no dull paragraphs—a tale of heroism and crowded incident.

Net, 75c. Mail, 84c.

VOYAGE OF THE CHARLEMAGNE, by WILLIAM O. STODDARD. Every boy fascinated by electricity will wish to read this latest story by Mr. Stoddard. The story is full of action, the plot exciting and original, and the book one of the successes of the year. Net, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.12.

UNDER SCOTT IN MEXICO, by Capt. Ralph Bénédict, complete story of the Mexican war, an ideal boy story, clean, wholesome, and instructive; illustrated with half-tones. Net, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.12.

MAID SALLY, by HARRIET A. CHEEVER, a charming story of a loyal little Colonial maid which will appeal to all girls; a sweet, plucky, red-cheeked, beautiful Southern girl and her adventures. Net, \$1.00; by mail, \$1.10.

## Famous Children of Literature.

A new series edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. These charming little books are designed as an introduction to the masterpieces of modern fiction, and present in a plain and concise way the histories of the child heroines apart from the large mass of unrelated matter with which the stories are originally connected. The tales will be told as nearly as possible in the exact language of the authors.

LITTLE EVA, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Beautifully illustrated from new designs by Miss Etheldred B. Barry.

The world-famous story of little Evangeline St. Clair, as told in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," introducing also the laughable character of Topsy, whose funny pranks furnish a relief to some of the pathetic features of the narrative. Net, 75c; by mail, 84c.

Other volumes in preparation.

## Mrs. Tree.

By Laura E. Richards, author of "Captain January," "Melody." A companion story to "Geoffrey Strong," the great success of last year. The romance of a Maine seacoast village. This author's former books have reached a col- lective sale of 600,000 copies, and "Mrs. Tree" is generally accepted as one of Mrs. Richards' best creations.

## What the Critics Think of It:

"Quite equal in interest to 'Captain January.'"—New York Bulletin. "Mrs. Tree is the most fascinating character Mrs. Richards has yet discovered."—Christian Register. "Mrs. Tree is easily one of the most delightful old ladies in fiction."—Louisville Courier Journal. "Mrs. Richards' latest venture into fiction must be accepted as a masterpiece of its kind."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Full 16mo, unique binding, gilt top, 75c.

## Among the Great Masters of Warfare.

By Walter Rowlands, compiler of "Among the Great Masters of Oratory," etc., illustrated by 32 half-tone reproductions of famous paintings. The illustrations alone are worth the price of this book. The volume is one of the most beautiful in letter press and binding which has been issued for many years. \$1.20; by mail, \$1.33.

## Treasury of Humorous Poetry.

Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. For the past fifty years no such serious effort has been made to compile a collection of humorous poetry. Mr. Knowles has examined the whole field of American and British humor and his anthology contains over 250 selections from more than 130 well-known humorists. Carolyn Wells says, "It is, without a doubt, the best compilation of humorous verse extant." Mark Twain says: "I should not be able to get along without 'The Treasury of Humorous Poetry,' now that I have it and realize its value."

Handsomely illustrated; net, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.33; half calf or morocco, net, \$2.40; by mail, \$2.53.

We Carry a Large Line of Subscription Books.

Catalogue Sent On Application.

**DANA ESTES & CO.** 212 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Send for CATALOGUE.

22